MARVEL COMICS
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT MERCY!
$1.00 US
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285
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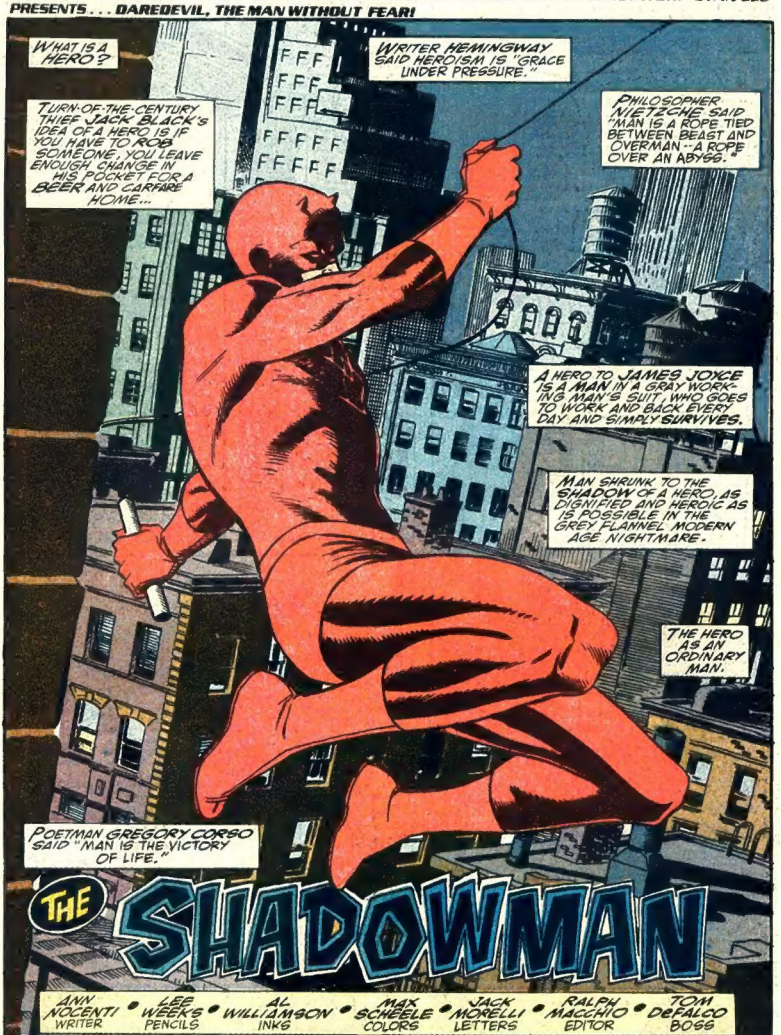
A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR! STAN LEE PRESENTS . . . DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



THE SHADOWMAN

ANN NOCENTI WRITER • LEE WEEKS PENCILS • AL WILLIAMSON INKS • MAX SCHEELE COLORS • JACK MORELLI LETTERS • RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR • TOM DEFALCO BOSS

DAREDEVIL Vol. 1, No. 285, October, 1990. (ISSN# 0278-8271) Published by MARVEL COMICS. James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.00 per copy in the U.S. and $1.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $12.00, Canada $17.00, and foreign $24.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) are trademarks of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC.
POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

BUT WHAT OF THE MAN WHO STRETCHES TIGHT RED SPANDEX OVER HIS MUSCLES AND SWINGS ACROSS THE CITY FOR ALL TO SEE?
SWASHBUCKLER, CRIMEFIGHTER... HERO?
DAREDEVIL!
HE'S BACK!
7 AM-7 PM
THANK GOD! HE'LL CLEAN UP THE CRIME!
THANK GOD FOR DARE-DEVIL - WE CAN WALK THE STREETS WITHOUT FEAR AGAIN!
WHO THE HECK IS THAT?
PRETTY DARN FLASHY...
NOW THAT'S A GUY ON A POWER TRIP-
WHAT'S HE TRYING TO PROVE?
NEW YORK GLOBE
NO SIGN OF DAREDEVIL AS CRI SOARS
NOW, LET'S SEE, WHERE WAS I GOING?
AH, HOME.
TO FIND THE HOME OF JACK MURDOCK.

JACK MURDOCK. JACK MURDOCK. JACK MURDOCK.
SOUNDS RIGHT. YEAH, THAT'S MY NAME.
SPACE FOR LEASE
MY NAME IS JACK MURDOCK.
HA HA
HA HA HA HA
OKAY.
I MUST'VE FALLEN, HIT MY HEAD, LOST MY MEMORY.
SO I PLAY DETECTIVE AND FIND OUT WHO JACK MURDOCK IS.
CITY RECORDS, IRS, PHONE COMPANY...
SOMEBODY KNOWS HIM.
HMMPH!
JACK MURDOCK.
SOMETIMES I'M SURE, THE NAME FITS LIKE SKIN!
Hmm... WHAT IF I JUST SAW THE NAME ON A POSTER OR SOMETHING BEFORE I WAS KNOCKED OUT?
BUT THEN MY EYES... WHAT'S WITH MY EYES?
FISH LIE THICK AS THIEVES. I SEE THE FISH.
I SMELL THEM. SO STRONG THEY STINK. WHO COULD EAT SUCH A STENCH?
I SEE THE FISH.
BUT I CAN'T SEE THE FISH.

I SEE THEM... ...AS A MAP... ...A CONTOUR...
I FEEL THE FISH SCALES...
BUT THEIR EYES ARE BLANK.
THEIR STENCH, I CAN TASTE IT...
BUT COLOR? WHAT IS THEIR COLOR?
AND THE MAN...
WHAT? CAN I HELP YOU?
THE MAN IS AS THE FISH...
SHAPE... FORM... SURFACE... BUT BLANK-EYES--LIFELESS... COLORLESS...
AND THAT SOUND... THAT POUNDING...
I CAN'T REALLY SEE... BUT I DON'T FEEL...
I'M BLIND... BUT I SENSE VISION...
THAT POUNDING... LIKE A HEARTBEAT.
MY GOD... I HEAR HIS HEART-BEAT!

BUT THAT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE... BUT SILLY.
JOE'S FRUITS
HARKNESS RUGS
ONCE I DREAMT I WAS IN HELL.
I DREAMT I WAS FIGHTING DEMONS... I FOUGHT THE DEVIL HIMSELF!
I WAS A FIGHTER... BUT IT WAS ALL A DREAM.
THE PAST I REMEMBER IS SO BIZARRE I MUST HAVE DREAMT IT ALL. MY ENTIRE PAST. AND HAVE NOTHING LEFT. NOT EVEN MEMORIES.
THAT HAND--THE MOVE IS FURTIVE - LIKE A THIEF--
HEY!
DON'T STEAL.
WHY NOT, MAN? I'M HUNGRY.
HMMF! SO AM I!
YO, COOL.
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MAN.

WE JUST STOLE AN APPLE EACH FROM A GOOD MAN'S STORE.
JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT.
HEY. HOW'S THE APPLE TASTE?
GREAT.
SO? THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. THE APPLE TASTES GOOD RIGHT NOW. NOTHIN' ELSE MATTERS.
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S STARTING TO TASTE KINDA BAD.
YO, MAN. YOU GOTTA LOT TO LEARN.
GRRRR
YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP
AHHH! SHUT UP! SHUT YOUR DOG UP! SHUT UP!
HUH?
YIP YIP YIP
HEY, BUDDY. IT AIN'T THAT LOUD. BUDDY. YOU OKAY? MISTER?
SHUT IT UP...

48TH STREET...
WHY WOULD I MAKE IT UP, HUH?
I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS DARE-DEVIL THAT ROBBED ME!
LOOK, pahe HA! AWH, MAN. I'M SORRY FOR LAUGHING...
THAT DAREDEVIL IS A LOT OF THINGS, BUT A CRIMINAL HE AIN'T!
I WANT HIM ARRESTED!
HEY, BUDDY. THIS IS CHIEF BUCKOLBARY ON THE CASE HERE. TALK TO HIM ONLY WITH A LITTLE RESPECT.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE, LET 'IM TALK.
BOOKS
I'M TELLIN' YOU - HE JUMPED OFF THAT BUILDING, AND HE GRABBED MY WALLET AN' BAG! ARREST DAREDEVIL!
HEY, I'M A PATIENT MAN, BUT YOU GOTTA STOP THIS--
DAREDEVIL IS NO THIEF, NEVER WAS, NEVER WILL BE.
YOU LISTEN TO ME! I AIN'T LYING!
NEXT, DAREDEVIL GRABS MY UMBRELLA, AN' SAYS "IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN TODAY."
THEN HE SAYS, "SEE THAT LADY? RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!"
THEN HE THROWS MY UMBRELLA, WITH-OUT LOOKIN', AN' HITS THAT BILL-BOARD.
EMPHYSEMA SLIMS
CAN'T YOU SEE?! THIS IS NO ORDINARY THIEF!
RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES MAN!

45TH STREET...
I'LL GO HOME AND NAP A FEW HOURS... THEN HEAD BACK TO NIGHT COURT.
THIS "DRUG WAR" HAS EVERYONE MAKING POINTLESS ARRESTS -- COURT IS SO CROWDED WITH CASE LOADS, I MIGHT AS WELL LIVE THERE.
IF I CONVICTED EVERY POOR DRUG-USER THAT PASSED MY BENCH THIS YEAR WE'D HAVE MORE PEOPLE IN PRISON THAN OUT.
WELL WELL, HERE COMES THE JUDGE!

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, JUDGE.
WE SEE YOU LETTIN' THE "BROTHERS" OFF EASY.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DO NO SUCH THING!

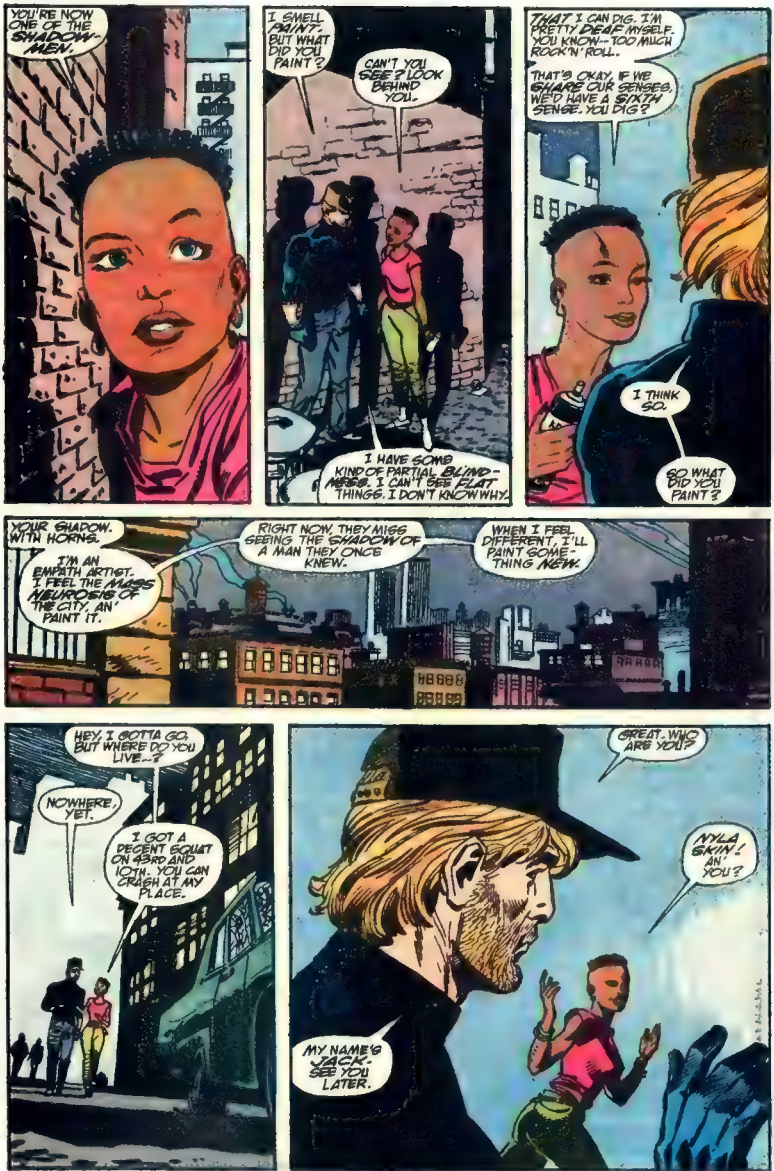
MY FRIENDS--
JUSTICE IS COLOR BLIND!

BULL! WE SEE YOU GOIN' EASY ON THE AFROS AND THE B-BOYS!
WELL, YOU BETTER START PUTTIN' THE DUDES BEHIND BARS WHERE THEY BELONG!
WE'LL BE IN COURT TONIGHT; A FINE, UP-STANDIN' WHITE BOY IS ONE'A YOUR CASES!

AN' HE BETTER GET OFF LIGHT!
YOU TELL 'IM, FRANKIE!
YOU CAN'T THREATEN ME! I JUDGE BY ACTION, NOT COLOR!

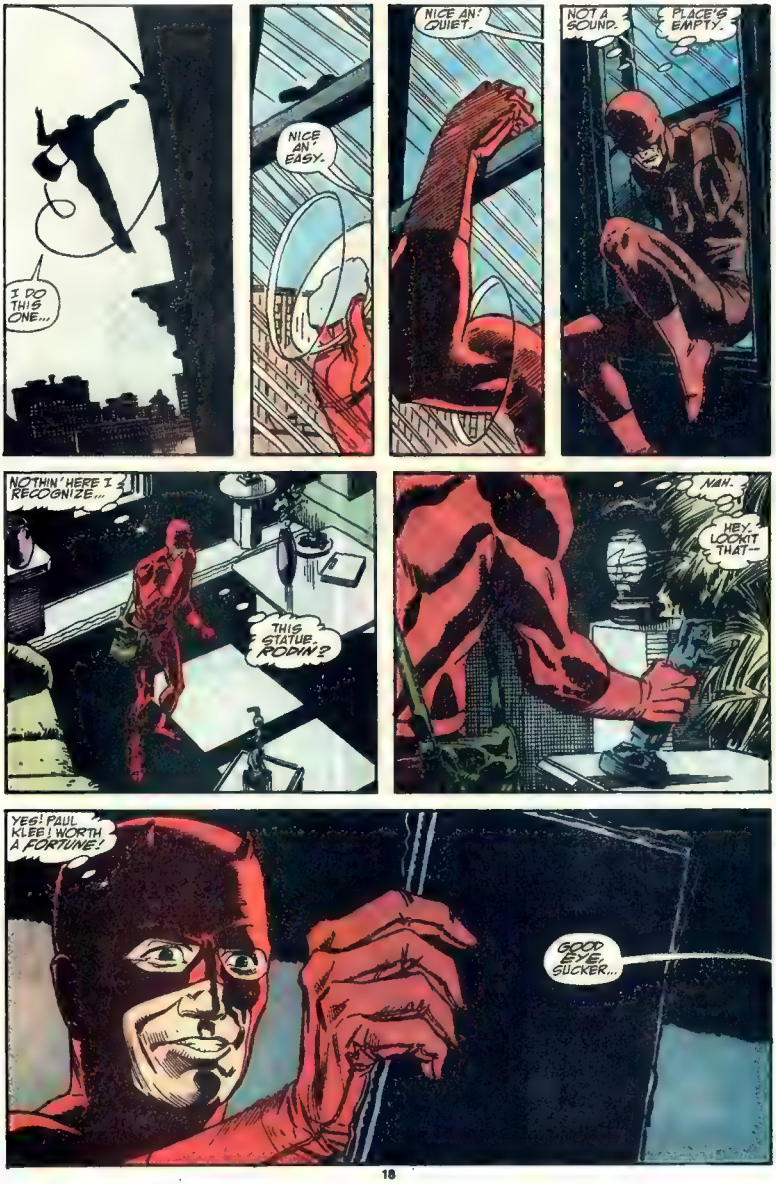
DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID, OLD MAN?
OLD MAN, I DON'T LIKE REPEATIN' MYSELF!
NO! YOU CAN'T THREATEN A JUDGE!
YOU DEAF, OLD MAN?!

42ND STREET...
GIRLS
DEALS, SECRETS, SCAMS, ATTITUDES, AN EDGE OF VIOLENCE...
I FEEL COMFORTABLE HERE, LIKE A FISH IN WATER.
IN THE PAST, I MUST HAVE BEEN A HUSTLER, OR A CRIMINAL.
I FEEL LIKE A CRIMINAL.
FREEZE!
SAINTS
STAND STILL, PLEASE!
KRY SPRAY BLAC
DON'T BE SCARED, A SECOND MORE.
OKAY YOU CAN MOVE. I'M DONE.
THANKS!


YOU'RE NOW ONE OF THE SHADOW-MEN.
I SMELL PAINT- BUT WHAT DID YOU PAINT?
CAN'T YOU SEE? LOOK BEHIND YOU.
I HAVE SOME KIND OF PARTIAL BLIND-NESS. I CAN'T SEE FLAT THINGS. I DON'T KNOW WHY.
THAT I CAN DIG. I'M PRETTY DEAF MYSELF. YOU KNOW--TOO MUCH ROCK'N' ROLL.
THAT'S OKAY. IF WE SHARE OUR SENSES, WE'D HAVE A SIXTH SENSE. YOU DIG?
I THINK SO.
SO WHAT DID YOU PAINT?
YOUR SHADOW. WITH HORNS.
I'M AN EMPATH ARTIST. I FEEL THE MASS NEUROSIS OF THE CITY, AN' PAINT IT.
RIGHT NOW, THEY MISS SEEING THE SHADOW OF A MAN THEY ONCE KNEW.
WHEN I FEEL DIFFERENT, I'LL PAINT SOME-THING NEW.
HEY, I GOTTA GO. BUT WHERE DO YOU LIVE...?
NOWHERE, YET.
I GOT A DECENT SQUAT ON 43RD AND 10TH. YOU CAN CRASH AT MY PLACE.
GREAT. WHO ARE YOU?
NYLA SKIN! AN' YOU?
MY NAME'S JACK. SEE YOU LATER.

A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, A MAN IS GETTING BEATEN UP.
A BLACK MAN, GETTING BEATEN BY WHITES.
THIS IS NOTHING NEW, JUST THE LATEST IN A WAVE OF RACIST CRIME THAT GETS WORSE EVERY YEAR.
ESPECIALLY IN THE SUMMER. WHEN THE CITY HEATS UP.
THIS JUDGE FELT GOOD ABOUT LIFE. HIS HERO, NELSON MANDELA, WAS JUST IN TOWN.
THE CITY HAD PARADES AND PARTIES TO HONOR THIS BLACK MAN FOR HIS PART IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST APARTHEID IN SOUTH AFRICA.
THERE WERE FUND RAISERS, AND BENEFITS. ONE NIGHT, RICH PEOPLE PLAID $500 TO EAT DINNER WITH MANDELA.
FILMMAKER SPIKE LEE... SINGER MADONNA... EVERYONE WHO'S ANYONE.
NELSON MANDELA TOOK A LOT OF MONEY HOME FROM THE GENEROUS PEOPLE OF NEW YORK.
WHILE IN THEIR OWN STREETS, ANOTHER BLACK MAN GETS BEATEN UP, AND NOBODY CARES.
MAKES YOU WISH NEW YORK HAD A HERO OF ITS OWN.

LOOKIT THAT.
THOSE PUNKS DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO BEAT UP AN OLD MAN.
NO STYLE.
LAME PUNCHES.
THEY SWING LIKE DRUNKS.
FOUR OF 'EM STANDIN' AROUND LIKE THEY'RE COOL FOR BEATIN' UP ONE OLD BLACK GUY.
WELL, GOOD LUCK, CHUMP!
IF YOU'RE LUCKY--
--THEY WON'T LEAVE YOU ALIVE!


I DO THIS ONE...
NICE AN' EASY.
NICE AN' QUIET.
NOT A SOUND.
PLACE'S EMPTY.
NOTHIN' HERE I RECOGNIZE...
THIS STATUE, RODIN?
NAH.
HEY, LOOKIT THAT--
YES! PAUL KLEE! WORTH A FORTUNE!
GOOD EYE, SUCKER...

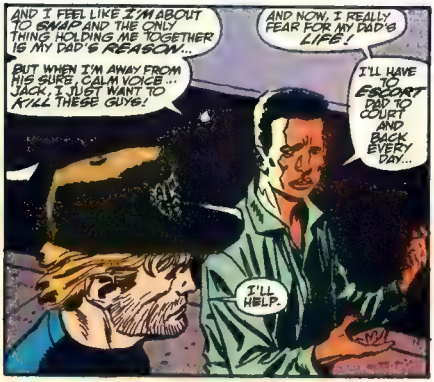
NOW PUT IT DOWN--
--BEFORE I TURN YOU INTO A PIECE OF CONCEPTUAL ART--
--CALLED DEAD AN' RED ALL OVER.
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU WHEN YOU CAME IN--!
OF COURSE NOT. I WAS PASSED OUT BEHIND THE COUCH, A HEAD FULL OF SLEEPING PILLS.
I WAS JUST GETTING UP TO SWALLOW A FEW MORE HOURS WORTH WHEN YOU CAME IN.
IT WOULD BE PERFECTLY LEGAL FOR ME TO SHOOT A THIEF.
I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS NASTY LITTLE HABIT OF THE FAMOUS DAREDEVIL.
WELL, YOU SURE GOT AN EYE FOR MASTERPIECES.
HAHAHAHA!
OH, YEAH BEAUTIFUL LADY.
I GOT AN EYE FOR MASTER-PIECES.

BACK TO "JACK."
THIS SENSORY CONFUSION IS DRIVING ME NUTS.
I COULD SWEAR I HEAR HEART-BEATS!
I KNOW WHEN THEY ARE GOING TOO FAST.
HEY! AND WHEN ONE IS CLOSE TO STOPPING!
STILL BREATHING.
HE'S ALIVE.
LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S GOT ON HIM...
Hmmm... I FORGOT. I CAN'T SEE WELL ENOUGH TO READ.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO ROB ME, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.
THEY ALREADY DID THAT.
ONLY THING I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU IS GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL.
NO! JUST HELP ME HOME!

NICE BLOCK YOU LIVE ON.
I'M A JUDGE. WE GET PAID ALL RIGHT.
OF COURSE. A LITTLE CASH TO COMPENSATE FOR THE RELENTLESS FUTILITY OF THE JOB.
OH, MY FRIEND. DON'T SAY THAT.
JUSTICE IS HARD, BUT WORTH IT.
JUSTICE IS A SHAM.
NO, NO, NO. JUSTICE IS JUST LONELY.
DAD!
FATHER! OH, GOD. IS HE OKAY?!
I'M OKAY, MARCUS. JUST GET THE BANDAGES.

SOON...
BUT FATHER, I KNOW THE GUYS THAT DID THIS!
LET ME GO DO THEM WORSE!
NO! MARCUS! YOUR FATHER IS A JUDGE! I DO NOT PRACTICE WITH MY FISTS!
THE LAW WORKS- BUT ONLY IF YOU STAND BY IT!
NEVER RESORT TO THE VIOLENCE OF YOUR ENEMIES, NEVER FALL TO THEIR LEVEL!
NO SON OF MINE WILL EVER HIT ANOTHER MAN.
THIS FAMILY IS A FAMILY OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE!
THROUGH PEACE AND REASON WE WILL WIN.
THIS BATTLE-- BETWEEN LEGAL JUSTICE AND VIGILANTE JUSTICE...
...IS SO FAMILIAR TO ME...
DAD-- I'VE BEEN HEARING THIS FROM YOU FOR YEARS...
...AND I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT ANYMORE!
WELL, SON- LET US NOT FORGET OUR GUEST-
I'M SORRY, JACK-
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALL THIS?
I THINK THAT IF A FATHER TELLS A SON NOT TO FIGHT...
...THE SON SHOULD LISTEN TO HIS WISDOM.

...I KNOW I MUST'VE SOUNDED DISRESPECTFUL IN THERE--
--I DON'T MEAN TO. I BELIEVE IN MY DAD. I LOVE MY DAD...
I FEEL LIKE MY FATHER IS THE LAST MAN ON EARTH HOLDING ON TO AN OLD DREAM.

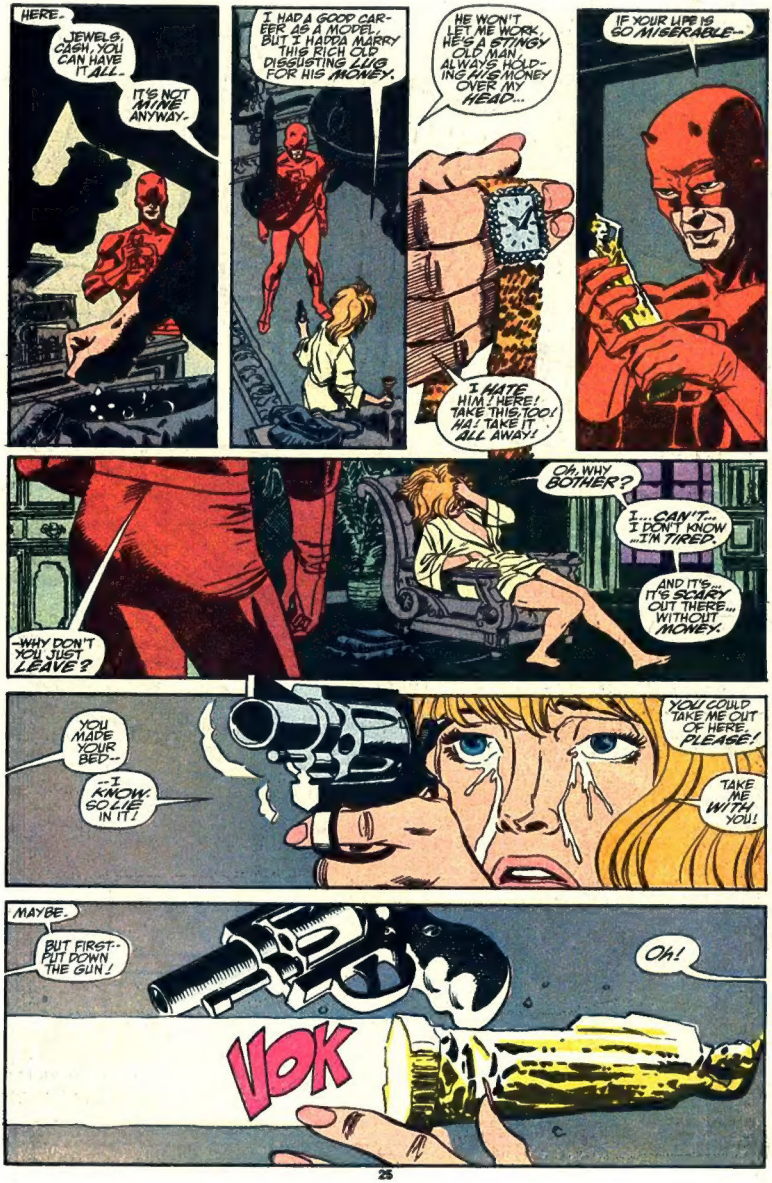

AND I FEEL LIKE I'M ABOUT TO SNAP AND THE ONLY THING HOLDING ME TOGETHER IS MY DAD'S REASON...
BUT WHEN I'M AWAY FROM HIS SURE, CALM VOICE... JACK, I JUST WANT TO KILL THESE GUYS!
AND NOW, I REALLY FEAR FOR MY DAD'S LIFE!
I'LL HAVE TO ESCORT DAD TO COURT AND BACK EVERY DAY...
I'LL HELP.

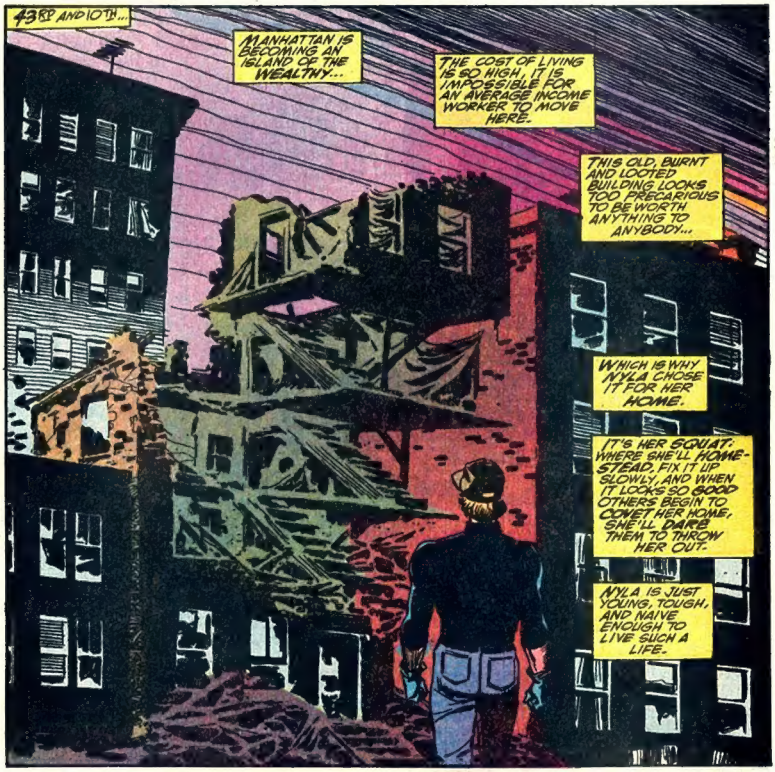
COULD YOU??
TOMORROW AT 9 O'CLOCK HE'S GOTTA--
UH-OH. QUICK, CROSS THE STREET!

WHY?
COPS.
SO? WHAT'RE YOU AFRAID OF?

AFRAID OF? I'M BLACK.
A BLACK MAN WALKING AT NIGHT ALWAYS GETS HASSLED BY COPS.

BLACK IS THE ONLY REASON THEY NEED.

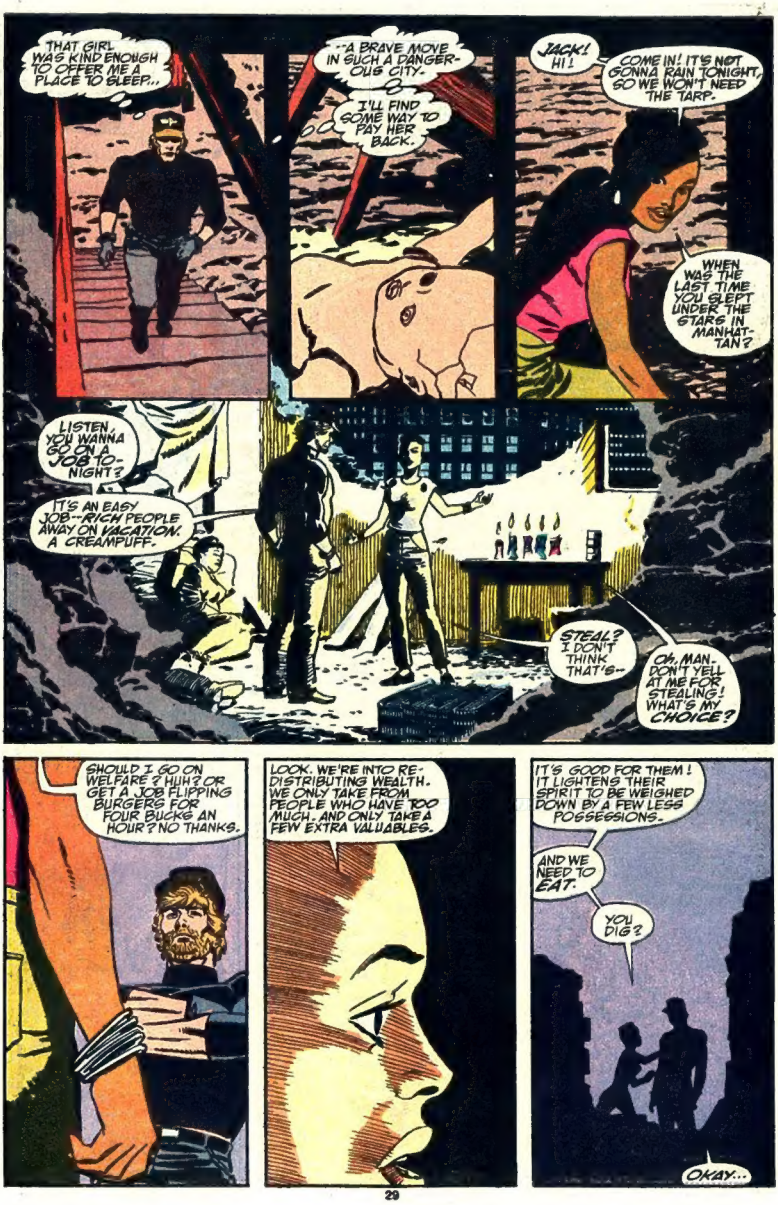

HERE.
JEWELS, CASH, YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL.
IT'S NOT MINE ANYWAY.
I HAD A GOOD CAREER AS A MODEL, BUT I HADDA MARRY THIS RICH OLD DISGUSTING LUG FOR HIS MONEY.
HE WON'T LET ME WORK. HE'S A STINGY OLD MAN ALWAYS HOLDING HIS MONEY OVER MY HEAD...
I HATE HIM! HERE! TAKE THIS, TOO! HA! TAKE IT ALL AWAY!
IF YOUR LIFE IS SO MISERABLE...
-WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE?
OH, WHY BOTHER?
I... CAN'T... I DON'T KNOW... I'M TIRED.
AND IT'S... IT'S SCARY OUT THERE... WITHOUT MONEY.
YOU MADE YOUR BED...
...I KNOW. SO LIE IN IT!
YOU COULD TAKE ME OUT OF HERE. PLEASE!
TAKE ME WITH YOU!
MAYBE.
BUT FIRST... PUT DOWN THE GUN!
OH!
VOK


43RD AND 10TH...
MANHATTAN IS BECOMING AN ISLAND OF THE WEALTHY...
THE COST OF LIVING IS SO HIGH, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR AN AVERAGE INCOME WORKER TO MOVE HERE.
THIS OLD, BURNT AND LOOTED BUILDING LOOKS TOO PRECARIOUS TO BE WORTH ANYTHING TO ANYBODY...
WHICH IS WHY NYLA CHOSE IT FOR HER HOME.
IT'S HER SQUAT. WHERE SHE'LL HOMESTEAD, FIX IT UP SLOWLY, AND WHEN IT LOOKS SO GOOD OTHERS BEGIN TO COVET HER HOME, SHE'LL DARE THEM TO THROW HER OUT.
NYLA IS JUST YOUNG, TOUGH, AND NAIVE ENOUGH TO LIVE SUCH A LIFE.

SAVE IS
JUST RUBBLE. BUT THE SMELLS STILL HERE. YEARS OF COOKING, OF RAISING KIDS. SMELLS OF A HOME.

NEW SMELLS. WELDING, METALWORK -- THEY'RE REINFORCING THE SUPPORTS SO THE BUILDING DOESN'T COLLAPSE.

UNBELIEVABLE. THESE SQUATTERS ARE LIKE THE LAST COWBOYS -- ON THE LAST FRONTIER DEFENDING THEIR URBAN OUTPOSTS.


THAT GIRL WAS KIND ENOUGH TO OFFER ME A PLACE TO SLEEP...
--A BRAVE MOVE IN SUCH A DANGEROUS CITY.
I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO PAY HER BACK.
JACK! HI!
COME IN! IT'S NOT GONNA RAIN TONIGHT, SO WE WON'T NEED THE TARP.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SLEPT UNDER THE STARS IN MANHATTAN?
LISTEN, YOU WANNA GO ON A JOB TONIGHT?
IT'S AN EASY JOB--RICH PEOPLE AWAY ON VACATION. A CREAMPUFF.
STEAL? I DON'T THINK THAT'S--
OH, MAN. DON'T YELL AT ME FOR STEALING! WHAT'S MY CHOICE?
SHOULD I GO ON WELFARE? HUH? OR GET A JOB FLIPPING BURGERS FOR FOUR BUCKS AN HOUR? NO THANKS.
LOOK. WE'RE INTO RE-DISTRIBUTING WEALTH. WE ONLY TAKE FROM PEOPLE WHO HAVE TOO MUCH, AND ONLY TAKE A FEW EXTRA VALUABLES.
IT'S GOOD FOR THEM! IT LIGHTENS THEIR SPIRIT TO BE WEIGHED DOWN BY A FEW LESS POSSESSIONS.
AND WE NEED TO EAT.
YOU DIG?
OKAY...

LOOK, THERE ARE YEGGS AND THERE ARE ROTTERS.
THERE ARE DECENT THIEVES THAT ONLY RIP OFF THE SUPER-RICH. THE GOOD YEGGS. THAT'S US. I'D NEVER STEAL FROM THE POOR. I'M NO ROTTER.
OKAY?
SHRRRRP
HERE. YOU NEED A MASK. JUST IN CASE.
HEY! WAIT! YOU GOTTA MAKE EYE HOLES FIRST! HOW'RE YOU GONNA SEE?
I DON'T KNOW, NYLA.
I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM OR WHERE I COME FROM.
I HAVE NO FRIENDS I CAN RECALL, NO POSSESSIONS, NO HOME.
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY EYES. I THINK I'M PARTLY BLIND.
BUT FOR ALL THAT--
--SOMEHOW I SEE JUST FINE. MAYBE BETTER THAN EVER.
GOOD. STRANGE, BUT GOOD.
NOW GET A FEW HOURS SLEEP, AND THEN WE'LL SET OUT.
TONIGHT, WE SEE IF JACK MURDOCK MAKES A GOOD THIEF.